Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher, he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht to, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioyn-stooles, remoue the Court-cubbert, looke to the Plate, good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, she that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor and could tell

A whispering Tale in a faire Ladies eare
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Mu

Musicke playes, and the

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it g
More light you Knaues, and turne the T
And quench the fire, the roome is grow
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes v
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing daye
How long ist now since last your selfe a
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much,
Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then w
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonn
His sonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeares ag
Ro. What Ladie is that which doth i
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the Torches to
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of
As a rich Iewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too dea
So shewes a snowe Doue trooping with
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes
The measure done, Ile watch her place of
And touching hers, make blessed my rude
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it s
For I nere saw true beautie till this night
Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *M*
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the
Come hether couerd with an antique face

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)